

An Amazons Story

by Gemini Girls

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Summary: Part 2 is now uploaded. A story of a girl child fighting to become an Amazon and then becoming the best.

1. A Test of Faith & Courage

I wandered along the edge of the Delback River waiting for the women I knew would arrive soon. I had found a strategic point to watch as they bathed. Or rather wait till their bath was done. There in the shallows of a naturally formed eddy pool they washed each other. I kept my head bent out of reverence for their position and would not look up even as I heard their bodies slip to the soft forest floor to pleasure one another. It was none of my business that they did this thing here at the bathing spot. I just wanted the right to be called one of the tribe. So it was that I waited. I quietly preyed to Artemis for the strength of will and courage to carry on what I had started. I felt a soft relief descend upon me in reply to my prayers and a calmness ease my body which was beginning to ache from the position I had held for well over two hours now. As their throes of passion slipped onto the night winds I sighed, It was enough to even make me in need of a lover's caress but I pushed the thoughts from my mind as I once again preyed to my goddess to allow me the courage to continue my vigil and only after satiate the need should it arise again. They slipped into a restful sleep that only those who have just consummated their love before their gods could. Tangled in limbs and cloaks there at the river front. Again I waited for the most opportune time. I preyed to Artemis that I would remain awake and not lose the chance to join her followers for the rest of my life. If I did not accomplish this task before the moon rose on the 7th day I would have to return home to my father and marry Arist. I was only 16 and I do not have and wish to be joined with a man. That night as they slept I poured my heart out to my goddess and asked her mercy and love to guide me. I had but one chance to make an impression. As the daystar rose to chase Artemis from the skies I still sat waiting. I was blessed to know that my goddess had heard my pleas and said I would be given the chance for a price. To never lay with a human male and I would know great pain before my trial by fire was over. I

readily accepted not fully understanding what it was that I had so easily given away.

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As they began to rise to greet the new day I knew it was not yet my time. They made a small camp there at the waters front and talked awhile. As they began to make their breakfast I yearned for the sustenance that I smelled. But I was told to fast to hold my Goddess blessings. Again I preyed to her for the strength to continue though I grow weak from no sleep or food. I did not know how it was that I was going to catch their eyes if I were weak and could not stand to the challenges. But I followed her faithfully, leaving my trust to her wishes. The day passed and I was grateful that I had not eaten by the afternoon time for I would have had to move to use the privy. As I sat with my birch wood staff resting across my knees I felt excitement grow within my stomach as I felt the time nearing. As the daystar fell to the light of Artemis's silver mounts crossing the heavens I knew that it was my turn to act. With my Goddess eyes falling belovently upon me I raced from the brush and stuck my staff under the princess ankle as she was about to step into the water and twisted with all my might to upend her. She went into the deeper part of the river and was immediately taken under. I feared that she would die but my heart was strengthened even as I felt the Queens staff flay me across my unprotected shoulders. Collapsing before her I bowed my head to her as she told me to stay still or die. It was after all a death sentence I had just asked for attacking not only her royal princess but also her lover and dearest friend in her world. My staff rested across my knees as I awaited her punishment. And in a daze I wondered what had made me attack the ruling party.

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I heard a splash as the Queens form entered the deeper part of the river and turned to see her moving under the surface to capture her love and free her from the watery grave I had sent her to. I knew it was a chance for survival and escape, but what kind of escape would I have to go to? Marriage was totally out of the question. Just the thought of the fat man touching me made me shiver with disgust and anger. The sound of them breaching the waters surface caught my attention as the Queen pulled her Princess out of the waters. How was I to know she couldn't swim? She laid the pale woman on the ground and began to sob as she was not breathing. She shook with fear as she knew not what to do. Hades had already claimed her true love. And soon would have me to play with also. I crawled over on my knees to them and was belted across my cheek sent sprawling backwards as the Queens anger registered at me. My head snapped back in a painful blow that outweighed the shock of her closed fist hitting my cheek. I would have laid shocked and in fear of her strength if I did not know that it was by Artemis herself that I was being guarded. She had promised me pain I had never imagined afore my success. If I survived the painful trial I would then find the victory of what I had asked help for. I gathered what wits I had left intact and crawled back towards them. "You want her to die?" I asked meekly with addled words that came out in a jumble. She stared at me then looked to her beautiful love who lay her lips turning a pale blue color. "I can bring her back." she snarled at me. "Doesn't mean you will not die for your CRIMES!!" She moved a little away still a dagger drawn showing my death would be instant if I indeed did fail. With a swift prayer I turned the princess to her side and slapped her back to jostle her lungs. Water ran from them. I pressed her back to the ground to comply with the needed oxygen she was slowly starving for. Her heart had stopped and I pushed her chest to simulate its beating. She coughed and nearly clutched me to her thinking I was her true love. The Queen gasped as she fell to her lover and shoved me away.

"Clenara!" they sobbed for a while, while I collected my addled thoughts to gather my birch staff in my hands. White birch the holy and sacred wood of my chosen goddess. It was a sign of her blessing to me. I could feel her strength and pride issue from it strengthening my resolve to continue. I was infact a spindly girl child with not much of looks, or skill with anything else save a staff. I had time and again tried to join this tribe in my earlier life but was rejected by Queen Vashti who now cradled her beloved in her arms. I was thought of as a weak sickly creature who would only serve to weaken the tribe. Perhaps she was right and I would not endure the things that would happen next. But I would use my dieing breath of my small spindly body to prove her wrong. My short red hair only proved to make my skin appear more white than others and give off the effect that I had the yellow fever. Many shied from me for my flaming red hair and pale body. Flaming red hair was a sign to most on girl children that they would be nothing more than a burden of trouble and not worth their weight in gold. My intense emerald eyes were so that I was thought of as a bacci in descise. Though bacci women had gold and red eyes. But that made little difference to them. No matter where I had turned I was rejected. And thus turned to my goddess for help and love that I as a child had never been given the chance to receive. And so desperately sought. The chance to prove myself was all that I had ever asked for. And was never offered the chance till now. As their sobs quieted I felt a forboding shadow descend over me. Indeed I knew my punishment would be soon. I raised my hopeless eyes to Queen Vashti and her princess as they stood towering over me. Defiance took the edge of my gaze and I lifted my chin up and squared my small shoulders. It was my blessing and I would endure to the end. I stubbornly swore this to my goddess with my heart and confirmed my resolve to survive. The Queen tried to kick my blessed staff away from me and I clung to it with all the strength I had. Once again I found myself sprawled out before them. Yet I retained my staff. "For what you have done you deserve nothing less than death. Yet you did save her. For that I will not flay your body with my dagger before I kill you. Instead I will allow my Princess to choose your punishment." Her voice was cold and angry, which I suspected was what I deserved. The Princess a might woman with dark raven hair stood before me with clearly defined muscles and a disgusted scowl on her face. Taking her staff in hand she raised it to bring it swiftly down across my head. But I defended myself with my own staff. Raising to my knees I held my own staff up to deflect the blow. It saved my head the beating but I received a quick counter strike in my exposed ribs for the effort. A groan of pain issued from me as I collapsed from the harsh blow to my developing chest.

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"So I staff fighter? Or should I say a staff failure. I will take your staff as my rightful trophy pending your defeat." the Princess sneered as I gathered myself again and got to my feet. There was no way in Olympus I would allow her to take my staff from me save prying it from my dead fingers. I readied myself for her attack. She simply laughed at me as she assessed my position. I admit I was not trained by Scathy as some amazons were but I would give it my all. To my horror the princess staff had a metal glave at the end. Its wicked point glinting in the moonlight. A splash of blood red color flashed across my mind as I saw my own blood taint the glaiv. Stubbornly I shook my head to clear the vision. Muttering to myself about nice helpful reminders.....

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The princess laughed in a cold heartless tone. "So you like my Glaiv ending then?" I did my best to show little reaction to her sneering words. It really was annoying. Suddenly my mind is filling

with words and I begin to speak them. "I will aquire it as a nice wall hanging after I survive." An astonished look crossed her face before it being replaced with anger. So the princess was not used to challenges....? Not that I wanted her place at all. Just some place to belong.

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"Then it is chosen. Child your fait rests in your own hands." the Queen said as we faced off. "Defeat my champion and you may have earned a place in the tribe. If she wins she will have confirmed that you would only proven to weaken the tribe. Your death will not be mourned...."

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Nodding I accepted. Though I did not know how I could defeat her champion. ~There are more than one way to win..~ I felt the soft touch of Artemis words echo in my head with a reminder. "I understand..." I whispered back to the voice, though the Queen took it as my understanding of what I faced now.

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As I stepped back to watch the child and my Princess duel it out I began to wonder what possessed this child to make her calm and fearless of her future. For even I knew she could not defeat my Beloved Clenara. She was such a frail spindly thing that it appeared that the winds could blow her over. As their bodies moved in the deadly dance of survival and war I began to see the assets of this fearless child who though received blow after agonizing blow to her delicate frame rose to aquire more of the punishment delta at the hands of my beloved. Mesmerized was I as I watched my beloved move. As a panther of the night her strength evident in all her movement. Yet it did not once stop the child from rising to greet the challenge. Stab and slice, blood flowed from the frail childs body and yet she never once failed to rise again and greet the deadly glaiv on the end of Clenara's staff with fearless intent of surviving. At one point it was Clenara who received the blows, a vital blow to her knee making her collapse to the ground and stagger again in suprise to her feet. It was Clenara's fault for underestimating her potential to learn and adapt. A blow rang across her jaw as the child got in a sucker hit from the low guard my beloved had taken to help protect the lower areas of her body from the short child. It was as two poisonses adders dueling with their fangs bared and hoods rising to flash and spread out in bluffs or deadly strikes. Again and again the child girl was beaten to the grounds of the forest and yet she rose. Bludgeoned and bruised, sliced and torn. How could one so willing to continue a hopeless fight not be an asset as a grown woman? Would it not be foolish to continue to sit back and watch her be further damaged? As Vashti sat thinking on these stray thoughts she began to admire the childs obvious faith and determination in her tasks. What little her frail body had to give was a small sign to what her brave fiery heart held. Perhaps the cool calculations and passions of a fiery haired woman would be good as my general..... As the hours passed and the night grew once again to day Vashti rose from her seat to come close to her staggering beloved. Laying a hand on her shoulder she said to the child who now was on her knees to tired to rise yet stubborn to admit defeat. "Clenara... she has survived to the new day. Her life is her own. The debt is paid in full. Rest now as I bind her wounds. She has won the right to be in the tribe. A sob of relief came to Clenara at her wise Queens words. And she moved to hobble to their furs and settle down to rest and watch as Vashti bound the girls bloody wounds that were encrusted with dirt and dried blood.

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As I circled around and around with the girl child I began to realize that though she was frail and pitiful to the eye her body was only a frail husk to her soul within. I had never fought such a worthy opponent in all my life. Though she was as good as defeated

she never acknowledged it. Every where my body ached from the grueling hours spent swinging the heavy glaive end of my staff around. It got to where in the latter part of our battle I would not use for fear I would drop my staff. And that I could not bring myself to kill her though I am now sure that I could not have done it from the beginning. It must be a horrible thing to be trapped with in such a frail body with such a strong spirit. Many of our sisters will find that she is more than meets the eye. Truly the condition of the outer scroll shows nothing for the words with in. May many of us learn from her silent strength. I silently watch my beloved Queen wash and cleanse her wounds and apply salves to help heal without the scars that would be left. A secret ingredient that not many know of. Makes the men think we are goddess in our own respects. Artemis you have truly blessed us this day. And with that she fell asleep on the furs to tired to even dunk her hot sweaty body in the eddy pool.

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Blessed Goddess ARTEMIS!!! My heart sings in triumph and revels in the spirit realm of glory and accomplishment. Though my body is exhausted and sore to the point that when I have stopped moving for a while my muscles lock up with fatigue. Tears of joy run down my cheeks as I stare at the Queen who is now washing my face gently and sponging away the dirt and blood that had collected there from the glaiv cut across my forehead. I was thankful that it was only a superficial wound, if it had gone any deeper it would have made me unable to continue. Oh gracious goddess. My heart flys to Olympus and back on the rush of victory. I have finely proven some of my worth to them. I feel my heavy body being lifted from the water and taken to be layed down beside the already sleeping form of Clenara. A soft moan escapes from me even though my spirit glides my body is in pain and hurts like a fire had raged through me. I hardly can keep my eyes from falling shut from fatigue.

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"You can rest now here where you lay. You will be safe as you sleep and you can greet the new day. I honor you and your family who bore you girl child. The gods know not what you truly are." With a hand she smoothes the fiery locks that have been washed and now fall in damp curls about the soft face of a child who has not yet even reached her years of puberty. "Goddess only know what it is that make you so special."

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The Queen lay down beside her and drew the covers over all three of them. "Artemis blessed Queen who has opened my eyes. Guard us all while we sleep. Let not a hair of harm come to my women." With a final kiss on the childs head she lays an arm over to rest on her beloved's waist draping it over the fiery haired child who is already asleep. "Sleep in the arms of love girl child no longer....." with the soft protection of Artemis about them they slept undisturbed.

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>PART 2 IS IN THE MAKING ALREADY
Gemini Night

>69/00

>As different as night and day yet together we find our way.

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2. A Test of Fortitude

Disclaimers :This is my story PART2 Amazon Story

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I awoke in the late afternoon with a shaking of my shoulder, peeling heavy lids back from tired eyes I looked to the form of Queen Vashti. I felt her hand press against my burning skin its cool texture clearing a bit of the cotton from my mind. "Where?" Try as I might I could not clear my vision. Her form remained blurred and unclear. "Clenara bring me some water she is burning up." I could hear the Princess moving to my left, she shuffled to the task, I felt a moment of satisfaction as I could remember causing her new lameness. "Thank you Goddess Artemis." The knowledge of my victory not only for myself but also for my patron Goddess helped me endure the pain and fire that attacked me though I lay still. "She is sick with fever.." Was that a thought of inspiration? I moaned as Vashti's hands began to unbind my aching ribs. "Hold her still so I can check her wounds." Was it not my head that was more addled than my body? I couldn't remember. Arms enveloped me and held me still in my weak protestation. I settled to the fact that pain would have me for its time, for it would never do me in. I was not so sick that I had forgotten my recent adventure in life. A smile crept over me and warmed parts of me that sickness and pain never could.

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"She is not getting any better." Clenara leaned over the small frail form of the girl child. Her skin was flushed by the sickness that had caught her through the night. "We need to take her to the tribe my Love. There Marra can cleans her body and purify her of this fever." I watched the play of emotion on my Queens features. Her dark eyes shifting over the small girl child. Did we not even know her name? She placed another wet compress of the flushed neck of the child. "Vashti?" She carried that burdened worried look she got when one of her women were injured. Kneeling beside her I placed an arm across her shoulders. She leaned into me and seemed to deflate. "It has been long hours since she fell asleep, Clenara .. I believe we should not move her. Go now love. Take the horse and ride with Artemis's blessing. Bring Marra to us with the herbs she will need. Tell her there is much body harm to a youth. Go now hurry, it seems to cruel to loose her in like manner after she fought so valiantly. Go my love! Save our child!" I looked at her a moment startled at the turn of events. "Our child?" I asked to stunned to move from her side. She pushed against me to get me moving. "Yes! Our child! None other shall have such a spirit in their hut. Go now!" Looking upon the pain expression of her beautiful face I pushed myself to my feet cussing the sucker shot the girl child had gotten in on my knee. With some trouble I mounted the horse we had shared and was now on my way towards the village half a days ride away from our small camp.

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 As Clenara rode off I wondered if I would be able to keep the girl child alive for the duration of her travels. "Goddess she is so hot." Looking at her laying there on the blankets I imagined her as to be of my own body. Would I allow my own daughter to be pummeled by my lover even if she had knocked her into the water on purpose? I know already the answer. Why am I being tormented? I wondered as guilt rose its ugly head in my heart. "You are yet young even in human years." The sudden voice startled me. Turning I found my

Goddess standing dressed in her hunters leathers. I fell to my face before her. "Artemis!" "Arise Vashti you have not angered me. I have come bearing words of advice for you and the child which pleases me so." Looking upon her radiance I arose to stand before her. "Your love for your Princess is very strong. When the child decided to join you I instructed her on the ways of getting your attention. Because you saw unfit to otherwise look upon her. She has and still is paying for striking your Princess. But I have come to tell you as you await the return of Clenara and Marra, if you want this child to remain alive you should place her in the water. Her fever is very high and she will perish shall she remain at such a high temperature." As soon as she had come she was once again gone. Her brilliance left me dazed for a heartbeat. At first I thought she awoke. Her sudden jerk in my arms and thrashing appeared almost coherent, once her fevered body hit the cool waters of the Delback. She gasped as it ran over her and then engulfed her to her neck. Her small hands clutched my arms in a painful grip of fear. When she settled in the cool waters she sighed for the relief it brought her. Devine intervention had bought us the time needed for Marra and Clenara to arrive. Though it was some time before they got there I knew there was more interest in her than just I.

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Marra arrived late into the night, Clenara guiding her way. The two of them had traveled at an exhausting clip to cut down travel time. Our stalwart motherly looking healer now appeared irritated and more than a little harassed. "Bring her out of the water before she catches her death!"

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When I came in contact with the girl I was surprised at the heat that emitted from her small body. "Surly she has grown hotter now than she had been before!" "Actually she had been much warmer then she is now." "Ye Gods!" Seeing the Princess ride into the camp alone at such a harried pace I had thought the worst had happened. When she dismounted and collapsed before me I knew something was not right with the two. She spoke quickly of a battle between her and another. She did not mention who it was. The hit to her knee had lamed her, but not stopped her from coming to the aid and the wishes of our Queen. I gathered my things quickly and we were back on our way to their hide away. "Did you just find the child?!" She only urged her fresh mount on faster worried about leaving Vashti alone so long.

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Now that I am here and see the child and her extensive wounds I know it was this little frail looking creature that gave the Princess the lameness of her knee. I could only guess at the context of them both. What had caused the little thing to attack Clenara? What had caused Clenara to beat the child senseless? Why now was she asked to save the child if the purpose was to kill her in the first place? She felt so hot to touch.. "How long has she been like this?" While I worked Clenara and Vashti filled me in on the details. "When we awoke we found her this way. Not this hot yet but her fever was climbing. She has slept most of the day. I awoke her earlier to be sure she would arise. I was worried of her fever consuming her, I asked for the help of Artemis. She came to me and warned me of the child's inner heat. With the guidance to put the girl child in the river she left. After her first reaction we have been in the river with little change." I crushed some willow bark, rose hips, and linden flowers together. Grinding them in a bowl till they were fine. "Clenara bring some water from the river and set it to boil. We will need some for a tea, it will help with the fever." The time passed in quiet conversation as if our voices would wake the fever induced sleep of the girl child. I sometimes found myself watching the actions of Vashti and Clenara as they spoke of the girl child. They seemed set

on mixed emotions of distaste, dislike, loyalty, honor.. To figure out what had made such a vast mix of emotions I would have to know what had transpired between the three of them. However none of them were forthcoming with information. The princess found a place to sit close to the fire and across from her lover and the child. Her dark eyes watching the child without really seeing her. Vashti yawned as I poured the hot water into the bowl to let it steep the herbs. "My Queen I will stay with the child. You and the Princess could rest." A look passed between the two, a truce of sorts. I smiled as they hobbled over to their sleeping furs and lay down with more than a little protestation of hard ground. A giggle from one or the other and a jest of getting old. The tension drained away as they fell into Morpheus world of sleep. My night was not so blissful. I remained awake to care for the girl, her fever eating away at the tiny reserves of body fat and soon into muscle. Keeping her wrapped and warm near the fire and kept liquid going into her system every other candle mark and with her sweating so much I was sure she would pull through. She would be much frailer than before and weak but she would survive her ordeal. I would have to talk to Clenara about the goodness of keeping her weapon's clean. Especially if she were to make a habit of beating the child senseless. Who knew the reason for their choice to keep her alive? Perhaps the fact that Artemis had appeared to Vashti on behalf of the child was one clue. We could not know what was ahead of us only what we were doing or had done. Now all we could do was wait, wait to see what was so special about this one. Or wait to see what her outcome in life would turn out to be.

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Predawn surrounded the small camp I found myself in. I must have made some noise because a figure I did not know leaned over me looking down into my face. I jerked reflexively as their hand came towards my face. "Easy now child." I heard softly spoke to me in a motherly tone. I could not remember when I had heard such a blessed thing in my life. I never knew my own mother, never remembered her touch, her voice. Tears came to my eyes and raced down my cheeks. "Who are you?" I asked through the lump in my throat. She smiled for reasons I could only guess at. I groaned when my attempt to sit up failed. "I am Marra a healer. Would you like something to drink?" With a nod I was helped to sit up leaning with my back against her ample chest. She smelled of sage and fire, a soothing calmness swept through me as she wrapped an arm around my shoulder and with care helped me drink some tea. "Eww!" Her soft laugh danced around us as she pulled the cup from my lips. "You must drink it all, otherwise your fever will come back and if it does, it shall be worse than before." A few more bitter drinks of the tonic and I was allowed to rest against her. It was a chore to just lift my own head. I felt so weak, surly this is what the Queen had seen in me before. "Fear not child, let not those thoughts plague you any further." I looked around but could not see far into my surroundings. The voice I knew well, my Goddess spoke to me often. Always with words of advice and warning. "Thank you." "Think nothing of it." My thoughts came back to the world of flesh and bone and Ye Gods pain! I was very aware of every slice the Princess had gotten in on me at that moment. With a groan I simply let my head fall forward and once again let the dark Dream God claim me.

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Part 3 has not been started yet. Ideas have been gathered. Don't forget to feed the Bards. Please read and Review.

End
file.